

Capt. Hind's Progress and Ramble.

Tune of Robin Hood Revived.



There's many a comical story you know,
with a hey down, down and a down,
Of valiant and brave captain Hind:
A song of them all sing here now I shall,
'Tis jocular, pleasant, and fine,
How this valiant Captain his calling began,
with a hey down, &c.
In brief you shall here understand;
There's few of his trade such frolics have play'd,
Amongst the outlaws of our land.
He travell'd to London, and met with a gang,
with a hey down, &c.
Who learn'd him the absolute art
Of taking a purse, for better for worse;
And bravely he manag'd his part.
At length they were routed according to law
with a hey down, &c.
And hang'd was each pilfering elf;
Except Jemmy Hind, who strait did design
To set up the trade for himself
Like to a poor shepherd he harness'd himself,
with a hey down, &c.
Having both a bottle and crook,
And standing at length on a hill,
A booty he merrily took.
He seiz'd on a gallant's brave prancing horse,
with a hey down, &c.

Brave pistols and silver enough:
Which made him to laugh, he gave him his staff,
And bid him to beat on the hoof.
Two thieves that had beard of the booty he got,
with a down, &c.
They came for to rob him next day;
But brave valiant Hind he sav'd his own coin,
And took the thieves money away.
As Hind was a riding along the highway,
with a hey down, &c.
An old hag he happen'd to meet;
She gave him a charm to keep him from harm,
He threw her a crown for a treat.
A gentleman riding from London to York,
with a heydown, &c.
With gold, aye, and silver so bright;
Hind soon got the fleece, then threw him a piece,
To buy him a supper at night.
Hind happen'd to come to the very same inn,
with a hey down, &c.
Whereat the York gentleman lay
Who telling his loss, and seeing Hind's horse,
It was not convenient to stay.
Three gentlemen drinking a bottle of wine,
with a hey down, &c.

The servants rid jogging before,
With two bags of gold, and silver untold,
Hind heard of that plentiful store.
He made the portmanteaus immediately bleed,
with a hey down, &c.
The money he cunningly snaps,
Then hasten'd away, no time to delay,
He never stood thrumming of caps.
Hind met with a parson as he was pursu'd,
with a hey down, &c.
To whom he did merrily say,
There's thieves behind, a coming you'll find,
To take all your money away.
Sir, here is a pistol, pray shoot at the first,
with a hey down, &c.
Which pistol the parson receives,
As knowing behold the saying of old,
One honest man scares twenty thieves.
The parson being pot-valiant, it seems,
with a hey down, &c.
He shot, tho' it happen'd in vain,
Without more ado the pistol he threw.
At which he was presently ta'en.
Thus Hind got away, but the parson was brought
with a hey down, &c.
Unto an old Justice 'tis said;
Where soon he was clear'd, for why it appear'd
That he was no thief by his trade.
Not far from a river Hind met with a spark,
with a hey down, &c.
Whose pockets with gold were well lin'd,
Quoth he, as I live, twenty pounds I would give,
If I could but see captain Hind.
He strait was for changing hoises with Hind,
with a hey down, &c.
And thirty pounds gave him to boot;
Then did he endeavour to leap a wide river,
But had not the power to do it.
Quoth Hind, you shall see I will leap it with ease,
with a hey down, &c.
And as he the river did cross;
Quoth he, there is twent for seeing brave Hind,
And ten pounds for riding his horse.
Hind met with a parson who had been rob'd,
with a hey down, &c.
The story he merrily told,
But tho' the thieves found in silver five pounds,
My collar concealed my gold.
What trade do you think I am, said Hind?
with a hey down, &c.
I know not, said the divine,
A Cutter, quoth he, and so you shall see,
I want such a collar as thine.
Hind came to a town where the bailiffs had got,
with a hey down, &c.
An innkeeper fast in their net;
An old usurer, a crabbed old cur,
Would send him to prison for debt.

Hind laid down the money, and took up the bond
with a hey down, &c.
Then finding the man was but poor,
He soon paid himself, for he robb'd the old elf
Of that, likewise twenty pounds more.
Hind came to a gentleman under a hedge,
With a hey down, &c.
So when he had taken his chink,
He boldly rid on to William his man,
And gave him ten shillings to drink.
Hind got him a man, whose name was Jack,
with a hey down, &c.
An active and delicate lad;
Without any fear he'd ride far and near,
Where any thing was to be had.
They waited for one that had lodg'd at their inn,
with a hey down, &c.
And when he came up to their view
Hind can'd him, and cry'd, how slowly you ride.
How long must I tarry for you?
An aged committy-man riding to town,
with a hey down, &c.
Now that he might go thorough stitch,
Tho' he had gold bags, his coat was all rags,
That thieves might not think he was rich.
Now wither away, said brave captain Hind?
with a hey down, &c.
The other said, Master in brief,
I am a poor heart, and for my own part,
Am going to seek some relief.
Hind threw him a delicate piece of broad gold,
with a hey down, &c.
And bid him go drink his health;
Aye, master, quoth he, I'll do it right free,
And wish you both honour and wealth.
But when the committee-man came to his inn,
with a hey down, &c.
He railed against captain Hind,
The which being told, he plunder'd his gold,
His budget that was so well lin'd.
Of all the great robbers that ever was known,
With a hey down, &c.
He was the most frolicksome blade,
His merriment still did gain him good-will,
Tho' long he had follow'd the trade.
At length being taken for treason, God-wot,
with a hey down, &c.
Against the long parliament state,
Our captain was try'd, condemned, and dy'd,
And thus he submitted to fate.
And many more frolics the captain has play'd,
with a hey down, &c.
Now if you will read them at large;
His book you may buy, good people for a why,
It is but just one penny charge.

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